GHOSTBUSTERS™
VOLUME 9
MASS HYSTERIA!
PART 2

GHOSTBUSTERS™ MASS HYSTERIA!

PART 2

30TH ANNIVERSARY

GHOSTBUSTERS™

MASS HYSTERIA!

PART 2

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ISBN: 9781623026950 DIGITAL

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www.IDWPUBLISHING.com
IDW founded by Ted Adams, Alex Garner, Kris Oprisko, and Robbie Robbins

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Originally published as GHOSTBUSTERS (2013) issues #17–20.

INTRODUCTION

It has been nearly 30 years since I first walked on the set at Columbia University, and filmed the memorable opening scene for a movie to this day people remember… of course that movie was *Ghostbusters*. I can remember how excited I was to be working with Bill Murray. I had no idea what a huge success this project would end up becoming.

I had been brought to New York early as my scene was being scheduled as a cover set. For two weeks Steve Tash and I hung around the city sightseeing and taking in the energy that is Manhattan. I can remember the first time I came to the set was to watch the chaotic scene that unfurled when the Stay Puft Marshmallow Man walked through the city destroying everything in its path.

Working with Bill Murray was such a pleasure. When I arrived on the set my nerves were racing, however Bill put my mind at ease, and as you can tell I settled into the scene quite comfortably. When it was all over I was so upset that my time on this show was done, and that I would be heading back to Los Angeles.

After all of these years I am still in awe of being part of such an iconic piece of film history. That famous line "There are no small parts only small actors" rings so true to me.

Regarding the *Ghostbusters* comics, Dan was kind enough to send me a few to read. I have thoroughly enjoyed them. The comic books have captured the essence of the characters beautifully. I can actually hear the voices as I read the dialogue. I look forward to reading more of them, and hope to start my own collection. I am honoured that I was asked to write this introduction. I hope you all enjoy the series as much as I have.

Sincerely,

Jennifer Runyon
www.facebook.com/FLUIDtalk

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

STORY SO FAR...

The Ghostbusters have made a habit out of doing the impossible.

Their previous cases were the kinds of epic actions that might attract the attentions of a god…

...and did.

Now, racing to the rescue of Dana Barrett and Louis Tully, former hosts to the minions of Gozer, Ghostbusters old and new converge on the Upper West Side to face TIAMAT, Sumerian goddess of chaos and sister of the Traveler. Reaching far back into their bag of tricks, the Ghostbusters crossed nine proton streams and directed this incredible energy against Tiamat, and it destroyed her… or did it?

Blood rained down from the sky just moments later…

GOZER
The first Class 7 the Ghostbusters faced. Exists only to destroy.

JANINE MELNITZ
Office manager and occasional Ghostbuster. A little bit psychic about certain things. Not to be trifled with.

Dr. PETER VENKMAN
Ph.D. in parapsychology and psychology. Innate ability to manipulate. Generally considered the mouth of the Ghostbusters.

Dr. EGON SPENGLER
Ph.D. in parapsychology. Polymath. Occasionally accused of having Asperger's, but he's really just not usually interested in what you have to say.

Dr. RAY STANTZ
Ph.D. in parapsychology. Tinkerer and inventor. Co-designed all of the Ghostbusting equipment. Takes joy in discovery. The heart of the team.

WINSTON ZEDDEMORE
Honorary doctorate. In night school for law. Former Marine. Soft spot for kids and hard-luck cases.

DANA BARRETT
The Ghostbusters' first client, and possibly Peter Venkman's "one who got away." Has been a vessel for Zuul, Gatekeeper of Gozer, and mother to Oscar, the intended host body for Vigo the Carpathian. Two major entities, and now she's being targeted by a third.

RON ALEXANDER
Former competitor to the Ghostbusters. Stole their schematics and reverse-engineered their equipment. Joined the firm when the Ghostbusters were dimensionally displaced. Now works out of Chicago.

THE ROOKIE
Worked with the Ghostbusters as an intern before graduating to guinea pig for an experimental proton pack. Opened his own franchise in Chicago.

JENNY MORAN
Former Ghost Smasher. Has gone on a few dates with Ray. Peter was stunned, I tell you. STUNNED!

KYLIE GRIFFIN
Manages *Ray's Occult Bookstore.* Fantastic researcher. Eidetic memory. Lack of patience. Likes ghostbusting more than she lets on.

MELANIE ORTIZ
FBI Special Agent and liaison between the Bureau and the Ghostbusters. Met the Ghostbusters when they took a case in New Mexico. Appreciated by the Paranormal Contracts Oversight Committee.

LOUIS TULLY
Former host of Vinz Clortho, the Keymaster of Gozer. Also the former accountant and lawyer to the Ghostbusters. Used to date Janine, and left town soon after they broke up. Found himself being called back to the city recently.

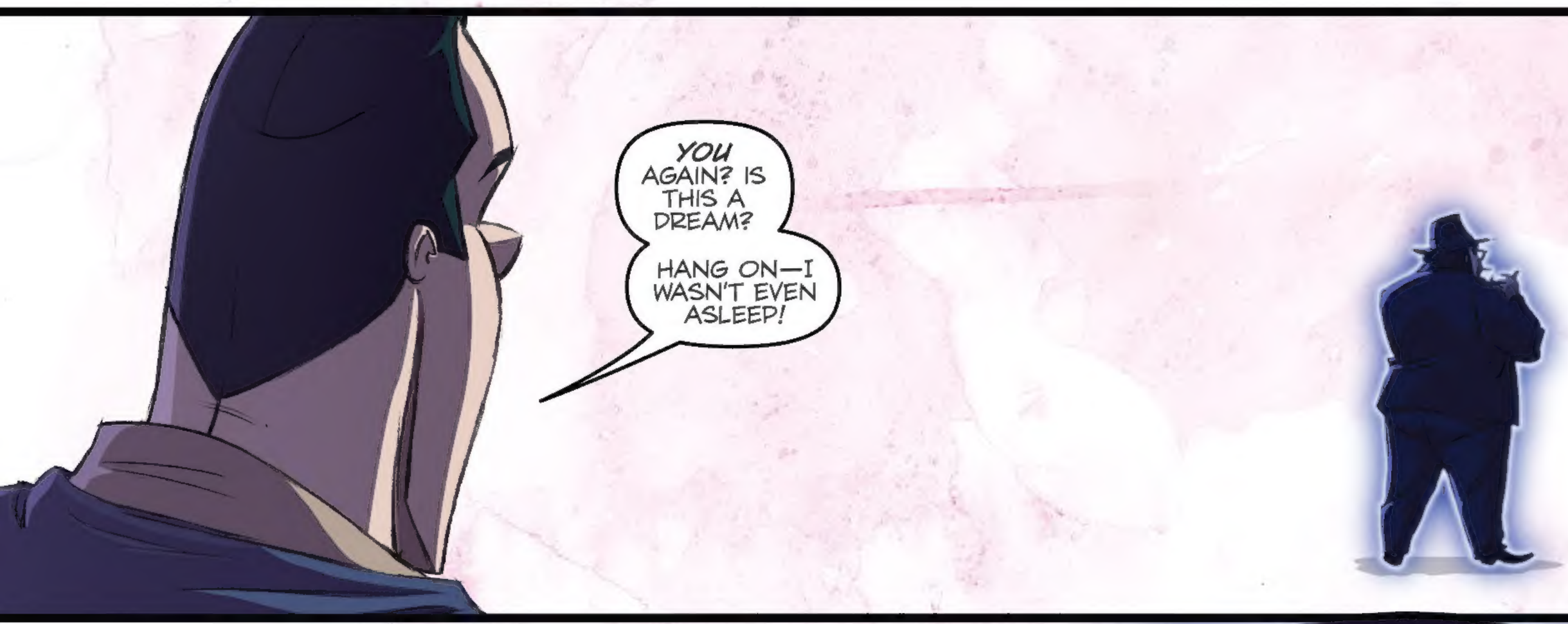
TIAMAT
Sumerian goddess of chaos. Sister of Gozer. Loves toying with the emotions of human beings–it's her new favorite flavor of chaos. But is she here to destroy…?

PART 5: THE ISLAND OF DR. STANTZ

ART BY DAN SCHOENING
COLORS BY LUIS ANTONIO DELGADO

...AND THAT'S HOW WE—WAIT.
THIS ISN'T THE ECTO-8.

HOW OBSERVANT.


YOU AGAIN? IS THIS A DREAM?
HANG ON—I WASN'T EVEN ASLEEP!

WHY DID YOU DO THIS? IS IT IMPORTANT?
YES.

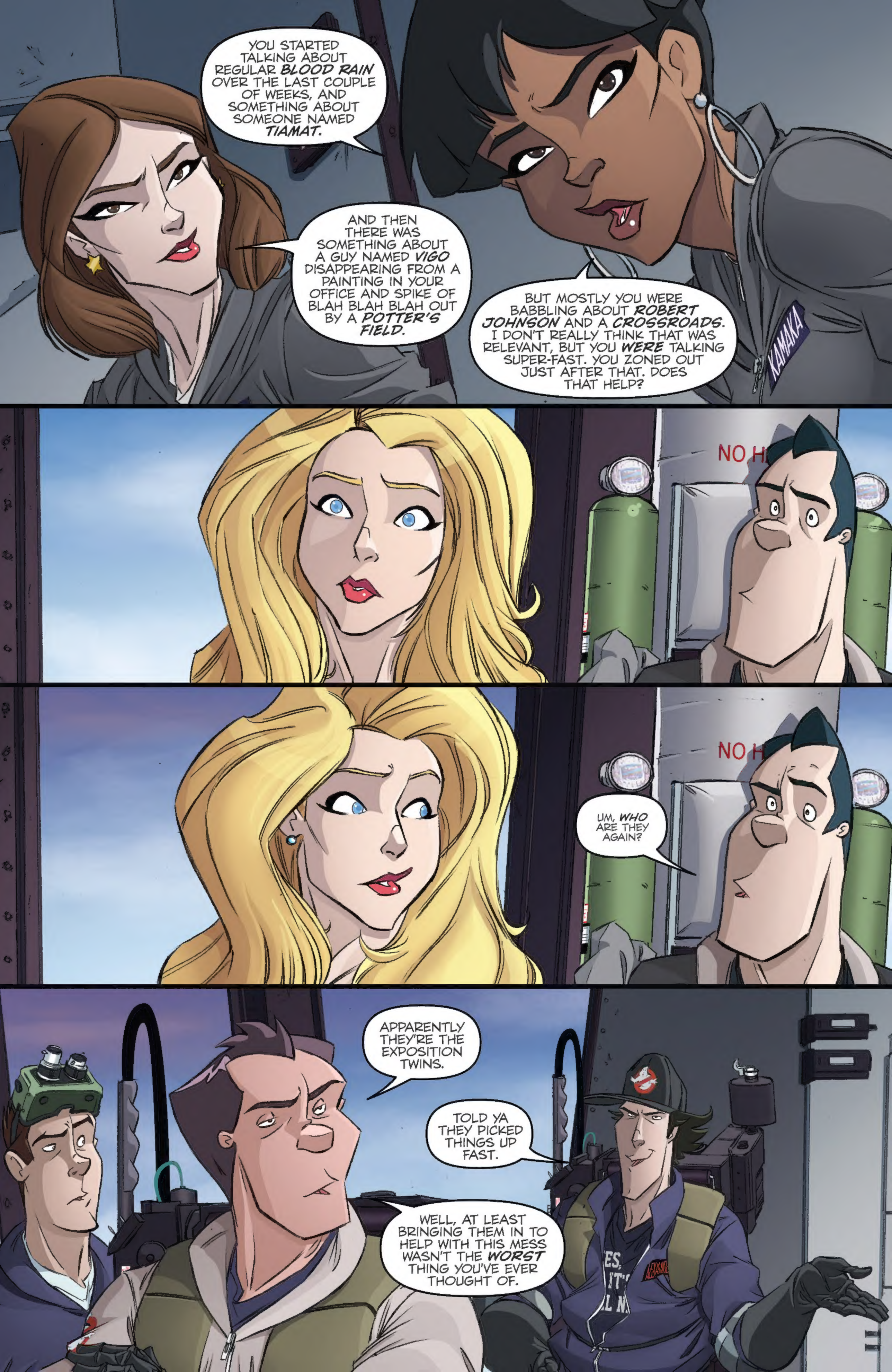
YOU WERE IN THE MIDDLE OF SAYING SOMETHING, AND THEN YOU JUST... ZONED OUT.

AND THAT'S WHY VENKMAN *SLAPPED* ME?

NO, I SLAPPED YOU BECAUSE I WON THE COIN TOSS.

YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE DONE THAT, VENKMAN. I WAS IN THE MIDDLE OF A SPONTANEOUS—

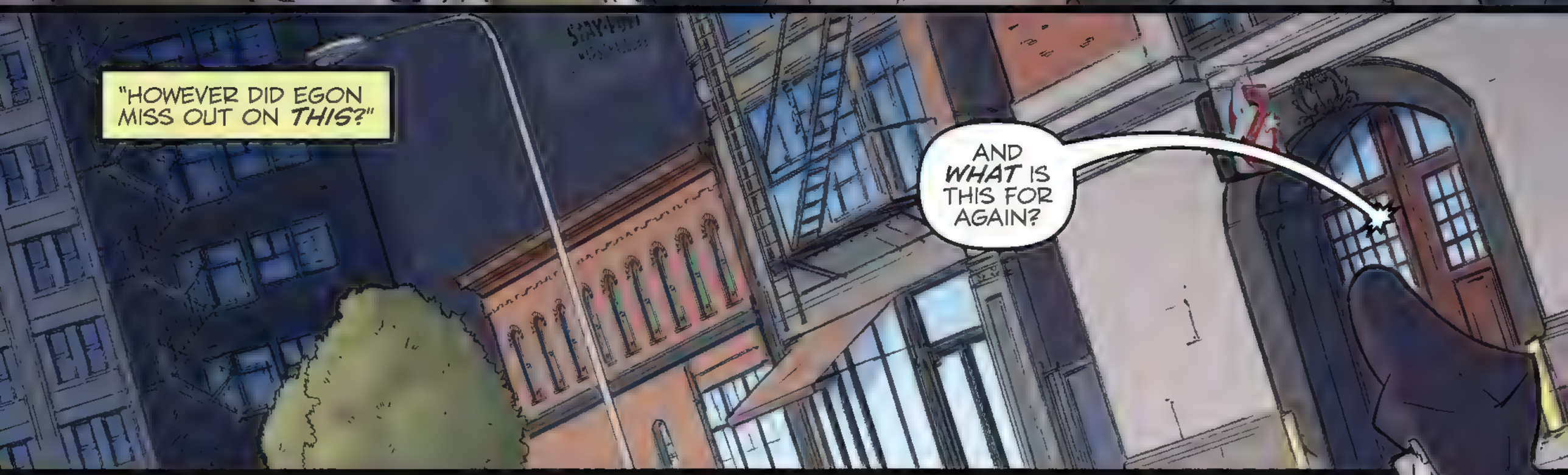
YOU KNOW WHAT? NEVER MIND. WHAT WAS I SAYING?


YOU STARTED TALKING ABOUT REGULAR BLOOD RAIN OVER THE LAST COUPLE OF WEEKS, AND SOMETHING ABOUT SOMEONE NAMED TIAMAT.
AND THEN THERE WAS SOMETHING ABOUT A GUY NAMED VIGO DISAPPEARING FROM A PAINTING IN YOUR OFFICE AND SPIKE OF BLAH BLAH BLAH OUT BY A POTTER'S FIELD.
BUT MOSTLY YOU WERE BABBLING ABOUT ROBERT JOHNSON AND A CROSSROADS. I DON'T REALLY THINK THAT WAS RELEVANT, BUT YOU WERE TALKING SUPER-FAST. YOU ZONED OUT JUST AFTER THAT. DOES THAT HELP?
KAMAKA
UM, WHO ARE THEY AGAIN?
APPARENTLY THEY'RE THE EXPOSITION TWINS.
TOLD YA THEY PICKED THINGS UP FAST.
WELL, AT LEAST BRINGING THEM IN TO HELP WITH THIS MESS WASN'T THE WORST THING YOU'VE EVER THOUGHT OF.

NO, SERIOUSLY.
RAY, IT'S DANI SHPAK AND LOU KAMAKA. FROM THE GHOST SMASHERS, REMEMBER? YOU THOUGHT THAT A PARANORMAL EVENT ON HART ISLAND COULD USE SOME EXTRA HELP?
OH! RIGHT. MUST HAVE BEEN A MISFIRED SYNAPSE OR SOMETHING. DON'T WORRY, JENNY, IT'LL ALL COME BACK TO ME.
SO. HART ISLAND! IT'S A REAL HOTBED OF PKE ACTIVITY! IT WAS A CIVIL WAR PRISON, A LUNATIC ASYLUM, THEY STUCK PEOPLE WITH TUBERCULOSIS THERE, A COUPLE OF MISSILE-SILOS BACK IN THE SIXTIES, AND OF COURSE... IT'S A POTTER'S FIELD, WITH HUNDREDS OF THOUSANDS BURIED ON TOP OF EACH OTHER, MANY WITH UNFINISHED BUSINESS.
IT'S THE PERFECT RECIPE FOR NIGHTMARE SOUP.
PRISON
ALL THAT HE REMEMBERS, THOUGH.
-SNORT-
YEAH, DR. STANTZ, IT'S TERRIBLE, AND WE'RE JUST ABOUT THERE, SO CAN WE NIX THE REST OF THE SMALL TALK AND STAY ON POINT?

THESE DOCKS AREN'T NEAR THE *EPICENTER* OF THE DISTURBANCE, BUT THIS AIN'T REALLY A BIG ISLAND...

...WE CAN MAKE UP THE DISTANCE EASY ENOUGH.
BY JOGGING, I SUPPOSE. JOY.


"HOWEVER DID EGON MISS OUT ON *THIS*?"
AND *WHAT* IS THIS FOR AGAIN?

I THOUGHT YOU SAID EVERYTHING WAS ALL RIGHT.
YEAH.
STANDARD PRECAUTION. RELATIVELY *FEW* OF THE SYMPTOMS OF TIAMAT'S PRESENCE ON THIS PLANE OF EXISTENCE HAVE EASED.

DON'T BLINK.
AHH! IS THIS, Y'KNOW, REALLY NECESSARY?
YES. LIKE DR. SPENGLER SAID, SYMPTOMS ARE STILL FLOATING AROUND OUT THERE.
AND ACCORDING TO MS. BARRETT, TIAMAT REALLY LIKES TO PSYCH PEOPLE OUT WITH FALSE HOPE.

YES, THAT TOO.
I ADMIT I PREFER IT WHEN AN ENTITY IS MORE PREDICTABLY STRAIGHTFORWARD. IT MAKES ME WONDER TO THE LENGTHS TIAMAT WILL GO TO PURSUE THIS...
PSYCH-OUT.
YES. PSYCH-OUT.
WHAT—
I NEED A SAMPLE.

I DON'T HAVE TO HAVE THAT THING STUCK UP MY NOSE, DO I?
NOT YET. BUT WE DON'T WANT YOU TO FEEL LEFT OUT. SO GO FILL THESE UP.
WITH WHAT?

ELSEWHERE...

WHAT THE—*NOT AGAIN!*

YES, AGAIN.

I'M NOT DONE WITH YOU YET, RAY STANTZ.

OH, YEAH? WELL, *I* BEG TO DIFFER.

THIS IS YOUR MIND, LITTLE MAN. AIMING AN IMAGINARY WEAPON AT ME MAY NOT BE YOUR BEST COURSE OF ACTION.

BUT EVEN IF IT WERE REAL...

...WHAT HARM COULD IT DO ME?
GOZER THE GOZERIAN, YOU HAVE NO SWAY HERE. NOT IN THIS DIMENSION, AND CERTAINLY NOT IN THE RECESSES OF MY TEMPORAL LOBE!
IN FACT, YOUR PRESENCE HAS BEEN ALL BUT ERADICATED FROM THIS PLANE OF EXISTENCE BY THE FRUITS OF SCIENTIFIC ADVANCEMENT...
...AND I ORDER YOU TO VACATE FORTHWITH AND RETURN TO THE OBLIVION TO WHICH YOU WERE CAST!
"OBLIVION?"
HAHA HAHAHA HA!
UFF!
STAY PUFT
ARE YOU SO ARROGANT TO THINK THAT YOU HAVE IT IN YOU TO KILL A GOD?

WHOA!
NO HANDLE
RESTRIC AREA
RAY! HOLD ON!
GAH!
SPLOOOOSH
NO HANDLE
GOD, RAY—WHAT HAPPENED?
SEEMS I'M HAVING A BIT OF A PROBLEM.
PROBLEM? AS IN ONE?
YOU MIGHT WANNA RUN THOSE NUMBERS AGAIN, RAY!

SO WHAT'S GOING ON WITH YOU AND JANINE THESE DAYS?
WE WON'T BE DISCUSSING THAT. DEEP BREATH... AND EXHALE.
FUNNY THAT NEITHER OF YOU WANT TO TALK ABOUT IT. I REMEMBER WHEN IT MADE THE TABLOIDS.
I'M SURE YOU DO. IT BUMPED THE STORY ABOUT YOU LEAVING PETER FOR AN ALIEN OFF THE FRONT PAGE.
CURIOUS.
WHAT?
HMM?
OH, NOTHING. EXCUSE ME FOR A MOMENT.
MISS GRIFFIN, A WORD? I—WHAT IS THAT SMELL?

I DON'T WANT TO DISCUSS IT. WHAT DO YOU NEED?
HAVE YOU NOTICED ANYTHING UNUSUAL?
WITH WHATSHISNAME?
HIS CORE TEMP IS WAY OFF, IT SOUNDS LIKE HE HAS TWO HEARTBEATS, AND HE KEEPS ASKING IF I'M OLD ENOUGH TO KNOW ABOUT ITEMIZING.
WE'RE NOT EVEN GOING TO GET INTO THESE SAMPLES.
SO YOU AGREE THAT THERE ARE SIGNS THAT POSSESSING ENTITIES ARE STILL INSIDE THEM?
GOD, I HOPE SO.
YOU WANT A CHEESY CRACKER?
THE QUESTION NOW IS WHETHER OR NOT THEY KNOW IT.
MEANWHILE, BACK ON HART ISLAND...
IT'S OFFICIAL. I NOW HATE THE BRONX EVEN MORE THAN I HATE QUEENS.

NYAHAHAHAHAHA!
I'M GLAD YOU'RE KEEPING TRACK OF WHAT'S *IMPORTANT*, PETER—*OH!*
SHZZAK
WERE THOSE THE—*WHAT* WAS IT THAT JUDGE SAID?
SCOLERI BROTHERS?
I THOUGHT WE *GOT* THEM.
WE *DID* GET THEM! AND THERE HASN'T BEEN A CONTAINMENT BREACH IN... I MEAN, I DON'T *THINK* THEY GOT OUT!
CHOOM
SO WE TRAPPED THEM AND RAY DOESN'T KNOW *HOW* THEY'RE HERE. SHOULD WE GET EGON ON THE HORN?
OH! MAYBE THEY'RE HERE THE SAME WAY *HE* IS!
HAHAHAHA!
MY ARMY GROWS!

SO LET'S JUST GET *INVOLVED* 'TIL THE MYSTERY GETS *SOLVED.*

WAIT, WASN'T THAT FROM A TV SHOW?

MAYBE.

CHOOM

NRGH!

WHO DARES?!

WHO DARES STRIKE THE SORROW OF MOLDAVIA?

YOU! THE VANDAL!

YOU WILL BE DESTROYED!

HO!

SHRZZAAAK

ATTENTION, EVERYBODY! I'VE FOUND THE ***MOST IMPORTANT THING*** FOR YOU TO START SHOOTING AT! GET OVER TO... I DON'T KNOW, WHEREVER IT IS I AM! IT'S A SMALL ISLAND, RIGHT?

LISTEN FOR THE SOUND OF THINGS ***BLOWING UP!***

SHXAAAAAK

DAAAH!

"THE VANDAL?"

DRAW ONE MUSTACHE ON A GUY THAT'S STUCK IN A PAINTING FOR ETERNITY AND I GUESS HE'LL NEVER LET YOU ***FORGET*** IT.

BUT, HEY, I SEE THE ***OTHERS*** JOGGING INTO RANGE. SO, HEY—

SHZAAAAKK
ZZZRRRPT
PTOOOM
ZZZRRRPPPK
...LET'S SHOW THE MOLDAVIAN SOME SORROW, HUH?
RRRRR— ATTEND ME, MY ARMY!
ATTEND ME!

YES! YES!
FREE ME!
THOSE GHOSTS ARE *HELPING* HIM! CAN THEY *DO* THAT?
YOU KNOW BETTER THAN TO ASK THAT.
RAY? YOU'RE THE EXPERT. WHAT SHOULD *WE* DO? RAY?

OH, MY— *RAY!*

FOR THE LOVE OF—WHAT DO YOU *WANT*?!
WHAT I'VE ALWAYS WANTED. TO DESTROY. WORLDS. DIMENSIONS.
MY BELOVED SISTER.
SOUNDS LIKE YOU NEED FAMILY COUNSELING.
VENKMAN'S THE PSYCHOLOGIST—WHY DON'T YOU GO POKE AROUND IN *HIS* HEAD.
UNTIL! YOU! SET! ME! FREE!
YOU REMEMBER WHAT YOU WERE TOLD BETTER THAN THAT.
YOU WERE BOUND TO GOZER WHEN YOU CHOSE THE DESTRUCTOR'S FORM.
YOU ARE THE ONLY ONE I WILL SPEAK WITH.

MEANWHILE...
EXCUSE ME?!
I SAID YOU SHOULD STRIP DOWN.
WELL, I DON'T THINK SO.
YEAH, THIS ISN'T, Y'KNOW, UM... UNLESS...
UM, DOES HE HAVE TO BE HERE?
WELL, I TRIED TO GIVE YOU THE STAIN-FREE OPTION.
WHAT DO YOU MEAN THE "STAIN-FREE"—
SPLOORCH

THERE. THIS SHOULD GIVE US A GOOD IDEA AS TO THE—

WAIT, THAT STUFF'S NOT SUPPOSED TO *DISSOLVE*, IS IT?

NOT AS SUCH, NO.

SKRAWW!

IT APPEARS THE MOOD SLIME *WOKE* THE DORMANT ENTITIES.

PERHAPS THIS WAS SOMETHING OF A MISCALCULATION.

OH, YOU *THINK*?!

WELL, YES.
YOU COULDN'T KEEP A COUPLE OF THESE HANDY *UPSTAIRS*?
DISTORTS THE READINGS ON THE EQUIPMENT.
SPENCER
WITH A LITTLE LUCK, THESE LOWER-POWERED PACKS CAN STUN THEM WITHOUT CAUSING ANY *PERMANENT* INJURY.
HISSS
A LITTLE LUCK?!
GNARR...

PART 6: WOLVES IN THE FOLD

ART BY DAN SCHOENING
COLORS BY LUIS ANTONIO DELGADO

HART ISLAND.
HAHAHAHA! YOUR BLOOD WILL STAIN THE DIRT AND IT WILL BE MARVELOUS!
RAY, WE CAN'T GET A SHOT IN—NOW MIGHT BE A DECENT TIME FOR SOME OF THAT GOO!
RAY?!
FORGET IT.
I'LL HANDLE THIS MYSELF!
WHIRRR

GLOOM
&^%$!
I FELT THAT!
WATCH OUT!
THE SUFFERING YOU WILL ENDURE WILL BE BEYOND IMAGINING.
NO HANDLE
MAN, ENOUGH ALREADY.
FOOL! MY ARMY WILL NEVER ALLOW MY DIVINE FORM TO BE TOUCHED BY YOUR FOUL CONCOCTION!
GROOOCH
GOOD— I WASN'T AIMING FOR YOU!

EH?
NO.
NO!
WELL, DANG.
I'VE NEVER SEEN *THAT* BEFORE.
NO HANDLE
RAY. YOU'RE MISSING IT.

MISSING IT... MISSING IT...
LET ME LOOSE!
THERE IS NOWHERE FOR YOU TO GO.
THERE IS ONLY WHAT I WANT.
YOU SOUND LIKE VENKMAN.
YOU'VE EVEN GOTTEN CHATTY. YOU WERE NEVER CHATTY.
BEFORE THERE WAS PURPOSE. THERE WAS NO NEED FOR DIALOGUE, ONLY SELECTION.
SELECTION AND DESTRUCTION.
AND THEN THERE WAS BRIEFLY OBLIVION.
BUT THEN SHE CAME. MY SISTER. MY OPPOSITE.

HER PRESENCE AWAKENED ME. NOURISHED ME.
HER TAUNTS HAVE STRENGTHENED MY RESOLVE.
MISTAKES WILL BE CORRECTED.
MY PURPOSE WILL BE FULFILLED.
NFFH! NFFH!

HURRGH! HURRRGH!
HEY, SOUNDS LIKE HE'S BACK.
HURRRRRGH!
THAT'S IT RAY, GET IT ALL OUT THERE.
HOW'D I GET BACK? WHAT HAPPENED?
YOU MISSED SOME WEIRDNESS, MAN. SOON AS THOSE GHOSTS GOT HIT WITH THE MOOD SLIME, THEY SWARMED, LIKE PIRANHA. THEY KINDA... ATE VIGO, I GUESS.
"AND THEN, THEY TOLD US TO GO."
LEAVE US. LET US SLEEP IN PEACE, AND WE WILL TROUBLE YOU NO MORE.
WEIRDEST THING I EVER SAW ON THIS JOB.
THAT'S... IT'S JUST NOT PLAUSIBLE.
MOOD SLIME WORKED, I GUESS.
YES, BUT THE LAST TIME IT WAS USED AGAINST VIGO...

"...IT WAS WITH ACCESS TO THE *REPOSITORY* HIS SPIRIT HAD BEEN HELD IN."

BONEHEAD

BUTCH

LOOK OUT!

SHRZZZAK

POTOM

FZZT

I AM *SO* TELLING JANINE YOU DID THAT.

...

YIPE!

PLEASE DON'T.

SHRZZAK

HISSS!

SNRRRL...

THIS IS *NOT* GOOD.

THESE MINI-PACKS AREN'T HAVING THE INTENDED EFFECT. WE'RE GOING TO HAVE TO ***MAXIMIZE*** THE POWER OUTPUT.

OKAY. SAY THAT WORKS. WHAT DO WE DO THEN? THEY'RE ***NOT EXACTLY GHOSTS.***

I HAVE A WORKING THEORY, BUT LET'S NOT GET ***AHEAD*** OF OURSELVES.

FIRST, WE HAVE TO TAKE THESE THINGS ***DOWN.***

GRRRR

GRRRR

TEN MINUTES LATER...
WE WON. HOORAY.
NOW WHAT?
IN THEORY, IF WE CLOSELY MODIFY A STANDARD TRAP AND COMPENSATE FOR THE DIFFERENCE IN FREQUENCIES BETWEEN A POSSESSING ENTITY AND A HUMAN SOUL, WE SHOULD BE ABLE TO EXTRACT THE POSSESSOR FROM THE HOST.
THE DOWN SIDE, OF COURSE, IS THAT EVEN A MINOR ERROR COULD BE CATASTROPHIC.
IS THERE ANY OTHER WAY?
POSSIBLY.
BUT WE CERTAINLY DON'T HAVE THE TIME REQUIRED TO FIND IT.

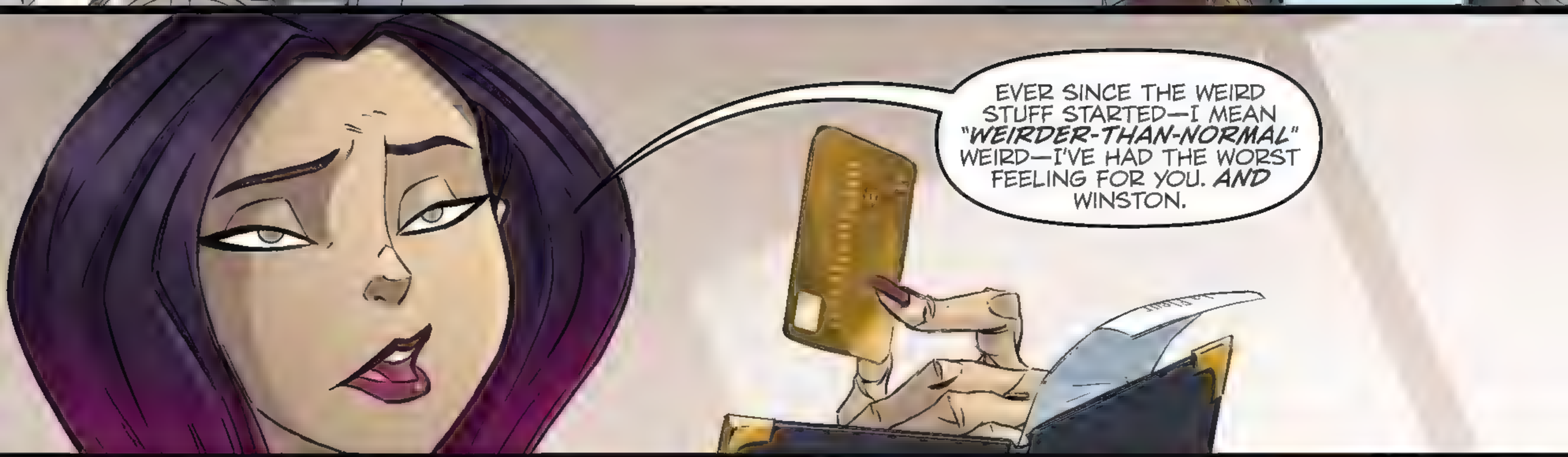
SHORTLY...
I'LL ASK AGAIN— ARE YOU *SURE* WE SHOULD DO THIS? I DON'T WANT TO HURT EITHER ONE OF THEM.
WITH LUCK, WE WON'T.
JUST KEEP AN EYE ON THE METER AND TELL ME WHEN THERE'S NO TRACE LEFT OF THE *ABERRANT* FREQUENCY.
GET READY... AND...
WOOOOOB
KLIK
NOW!
CUT IT NOW!

HE'S ALIVE.
READS CLEAN, TOO.
NOT BAD FOR OUR FIRST EXORCISM.
GUESS THIS MAKES YOU THE OLD PRIEST, HUH?
HH.
WE'LL BEGIN A FULL ROUND OF TESTS LATER.
BUT FIRST, WE NEED TO RECALIBRATE FOR MS. BARRETT.
R. STANTZ
P. VENKMAN

A BRIEF INTERLUDE.
THIS IS WHY I DIDN'T GO TO YOUR WEDDING.
I TOLD YOU, NOTHING GOOD WOULD COME OF MARRYING ONE OF THOSE KOOKS. LOOK AT YOU, SITTING HERE HAVING DINNER WITH ME WHEN YOU COULD BE ON YOUR HONEYMOON.
COME ON, KAS. YOU DIDN'T COME BECAUSE YOU HATE WEDDINGS IN GENERAL.
EXIT
THERE IS TOO MUCH DANCING FOR MY TASTES, THAT MUCH IS TRUE.
BUT STILL, THERE'S, LIKE, A HERD OF THESE PEOPLE. WHY COULDN'T WINSTON TAKE A FEW DAYS OFF?
I ASK YOU THAT.
IT'S SPECIALIZED WORK. IT'S NOT LIKE HE CAN JUST LEAVE TOWN WHEN IT'S RAINING BLOOD AND PIGEONS START HECKLING.
AND DON'T SAY I'M JUST MAKING EXCUSES, KAS. WE'RE CHANGING THE SUBJECT NOW, BY THE WAY.
HEY, IF IT QUACKS LIKE A DUCK...
BUT SERIOUSLY, I HAVE BEEN WORRIED. YOU KNOW HOW I SOMETIMES GET THOSE VIBES ABOUT PEOPLE?
NOT THIS AGAIN... KAS, YOU ARE NOT PSYCHIC.

YES, I AM! RIGHT NOW, THIS GUY IS TOTALLY THINKING HE'D LIKE TO SAY SOMETHING *SNARKY*, BUT DOESN'T WANT TO TAKE A CHANCE ON OFFENDING THE DISABLED CHICK AND GETTING SUED.
MA'AM, I WOULD *NEVER*—
CALLED IT.
EXIT

LOOK, I DON'T WANT TO COME OFF LIKE AN ASS RIGHT AFTER YOU *FINALLY* GET MARRIED—
SO DON'T.
I SAID I DON'T WANT TO. BUT I'M *WORRIED*, OKAY?


EVER SINCE THE WEIRD STUFF STARTED—I MEAN "*WEIRDER-THAN-NORMAL*" WEIRD—I'VE HAD THE WORST FEELING FOR YOU. *AND* WINSTON.

AND THE FEELING IS JUST GETTING *STRONGER*.
END INTERLUDE.

ELSEWHERE...
WELL, SHUCKS. HE'S IN THE PAINTING.
MAYBE HE WAS NEVER GONE.
BONEHEAD
BUTCH
I DON'T KNOW. THAT LOOKS A LOT LIKE THE SCORCHING HE GOT WHEN MEL ZAPPED HIM IN THE HEAD.
DON'T WORRY, BIG FELLA. WE CAN ADD A NICE BERET OR SOMETHING. I'M THINKING PASTELS.
YOU'LL BE FABULOUS.
OH, MAN. VIGO. THE SCOLERIS? IF OTHER SPIRITS THAT WE'VE ENCOUNTERED—EVEN FACSIMILES—ARE GOING TO START POPPING UP, WE COULD HAVE A HUGE PROBLEM ON OUR HANDS!
DON'T START JUMPING TO ANY CONCLUSIONS JUST YET, DR. STANTZ—YOU HAVE OTHER PROBLEMS RIGHT NOW. THOSE LAPSES YOU WERE HAVING IN THE FIELD?
THEY COULD HAVE GOTTEN YOU KILLED.
SHE'S RIGHT, RAY. IT'S COLANDER TIME FOR YOU.
MAYBE WE'LL EVEN LET MEL TRY IT.
UM, PASS, I'M GONNA GET MY BAG AND HEAD HOME. I HAVEN'T SEEN MY CAT IN DAYS.

SO FAR, EVERYTHING SEEMS TO CHECK OUT. IS THAT WHAT YOU'RE GETTING?
YES. THIS IS VERY INTERESTING. I'D LIKE TO—
I KNOW WHAT YOU'D LIKE TO DO...
...BUT HOWSABOUT YOU JUST TAKE LOUIS HERE INTO THE OTHER ROOM AND PROBE HIM WHILE I HAVE A MOMENT WITH OUR FAVORITE REPEAT CUSTOMER.
HE WAS KIDDING ABOUT THE PROBING, RIGHT?
I DON'T KNOW HOW TO ANSWER THAT.

SO.
YOU, AH, YOU OKAY?
EGON SAID WE CHECK OUT.
GOOD. THAT'S GOOD.
New York City
...
OH, FOR— YOU COULDA COME TO ME, YOU KNOW. YOU ALWAYS CAN.
PETER...
LOOK, I GET IT. LAST TIME WE WERE TOGETHER, IT WASN'T GREAT.
IT'S NOT THAT.
YEAH, IT IS.
ANYTIME THE GUYS AND I TOOK SOMETHING BIG DOWN, THE PAPARAZZI WOULD, LIKE, DESCEND... AND THAT WASN'T GOOD FOR YOU, AND IT WASN'T GOOD FOR THE KID.
HOW'S HE DOIN', BY THE WAY? DID HE GET THE JERSEY?
Periodic Table of the Elements
American Spellings

OF *COURSE*. I—HE *MISSES* YOU.

PETER... YOU DIDN'T EVEN TRY.

YEAH, I *DID*. I TRIED TO DO WHAT WAS BEST.

AND YOU KNOW WHAT? IT TURNED INTO A THING. AND I *KNOW* YOU HATE THINGS.

NO ONE LIKES THINGS.

THAT SAID, MS. BARRETT, I DON'T *EVER* WANT YOU TO GO BEHIND MY BACK IF SOMETHING LIKE THIS COMES UP AGAIN, DEAL?

THAT KID NEEDS HIS MOM.

OH, AND THIS WHOLE THING? IT IS *SO* NOT COUNTING ON YOUR CUSTOMER LOYALTY CARD.

MESS WITH THE *BULL*, DANA.

I JUST DON'T KNOW WHAT'S GOING ON. I MEAN, I *CAN'T* HAVE BEEN POSSESSED.
DIRECT MENTAL CONTACT WITH ANY ENTITY OF SUFFICIENT CLASS IS BOUND TO CAUSE *SOME* ISSUES. I'M SO GLAD WE GOT THE CHANCE TO *STUDY* IT.
YEAH. GREAT.
WELL, I DON'T KNOW ABOUT *THAT*, BUT, MAN—BETWEEN WHAT HAPPENED WITH DANA AND LOUIS HERE, AND *MORE* BLOOD FALLING OUTTA THE SKY, I'M THINKING OUR BATTING AVERAGE ON BLOWING UP MESOPOTAMIAN DEITIES MIGHT *NOT* BE AS GOOD AS WE THOUGHT.
THAT'S BEEN BOTHERING *ME*, TOO.
DR. STANTZ'S EQUIPMENT HAS BEEN PICKING UP TIAMAT'S PKE SIGNATURE. WE NEED A WAY TO *DEAL* WITH HER BEFORE SHE GETS BORED SCREWING AROUND WITH US.
I'VE BEEN TEARING THE BOOKSTORE *APART* FOR ANY KIND OF CLUE OR REFERENCE.
CAN I TALK YET?
NO.
DID YOU FIND *ANYTHING* ELSE? IT NEVER FEELS GOOD TO SIT AROUND WAITING FOR THINGS TO GET SERIOUS.
THAT'S A REALLY *GOOD* OUTLOOK TO HAVE, Y'KNOW, BECAUSE—
SHUSH.

WELL, I WASN'T ABLE TO FIND ANYTHING ABOUT THESE KINDS OF DEITIES HAVING A *DIRECT* AND *SPECIFIC* INTEREST IN HUMANITY BEFORE.
BEST I COULD FIND WAS ADVICE ON GENERAL *APPEASEMENT*, AND FOR THAT, THE BASELINE WAS SACRIFICE...
OFTEN HUMAN.
DID SOMEONE SAY *HUMAN SACRIFICE*?
BECAUSE I HAVE A LIST OF POTENTIAL *CANDIDATES* IN MY OFFICE.
NOT FUNNY, MAN.
UH-HUH. YOU SAY THAT *NOW*, BUT... WAIT.
DOES ANYONE ELSE SMELL *SMOKE*? EGON?
I DIDN'T DO ANYTHING. I—

HO!
POP
POP
HHHHHHH
HHH...
STANTZ
FZZZT

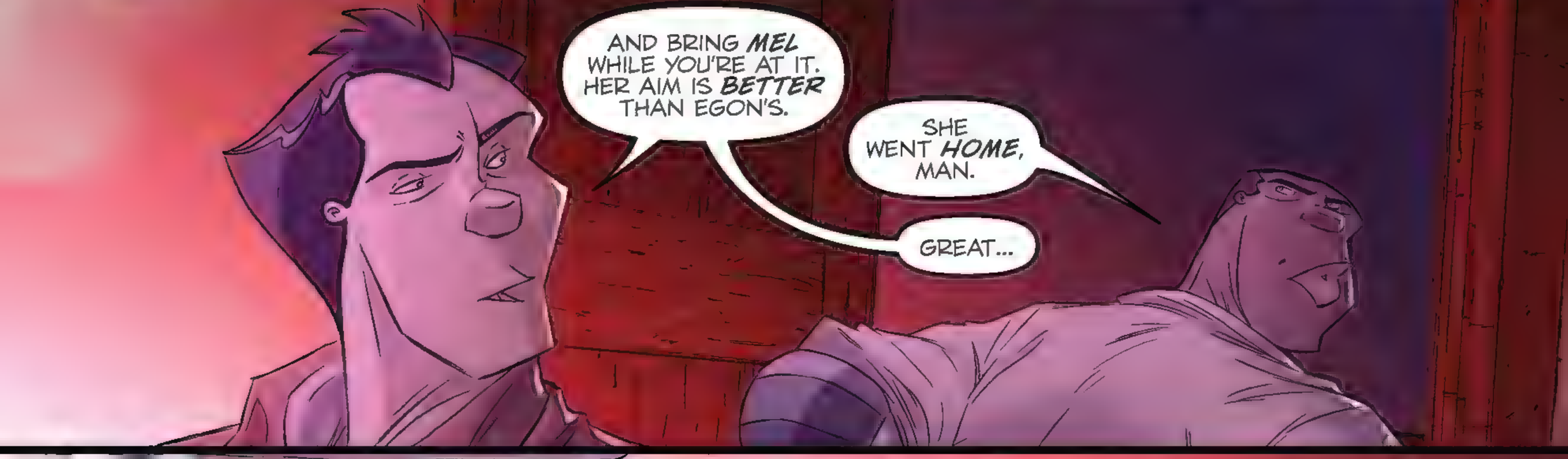
PART 7: ...AT LEAST TWO

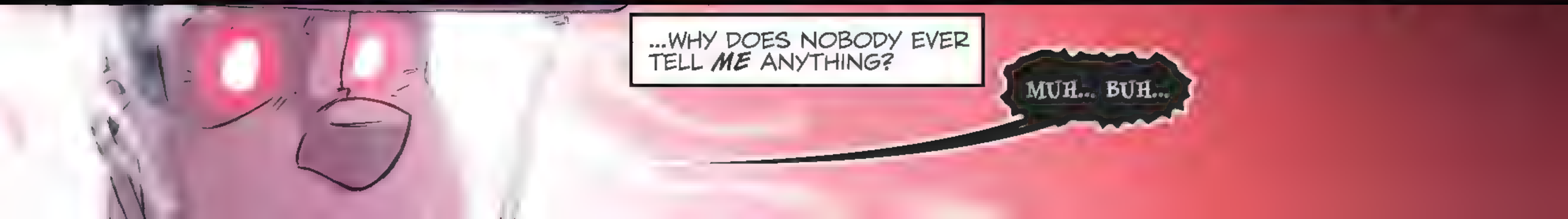
ART BY DAN SCHOENING
COLORS BY LUIS ANTONIO DELGADO

LET'S GET YOU TWO OUT OF HERE...
OH!

WHAT ARE—?
LESS QUESTIONS, MORE RUNNING!
FRAGILE

WE'RE GOING TO NEED TO SHOOT HIM.
THE ARM-MOUNTED PACKS ARE IN THE OTHER ROOM.
THINK I'LL GO GRAB THOSE.


AND BRING MEL WHILE YOU'RE AT IT. HER AIM IS BETTER THAN EGON'S.
SHE WENT HOME, MAN.
GREAT...


...WHY DOES NOBODY EVER TELL ME ANYTHING?
MUH... BUH...

WHY DO YOU STILL FIGHT ME? YOU ARE NOTHING!
BEND TO MY WILL AND SUBMIT TO YOUR ULTIMATE FATE!
THERE YOU GO AGAIN.
??
YOU...
...AND YOUR ULTIMATUMS.
OHHHHHHH CRAP.

THAT'S ONE WAY OF LOOKING AT IT.

NGGH...

I WILL END YOU!

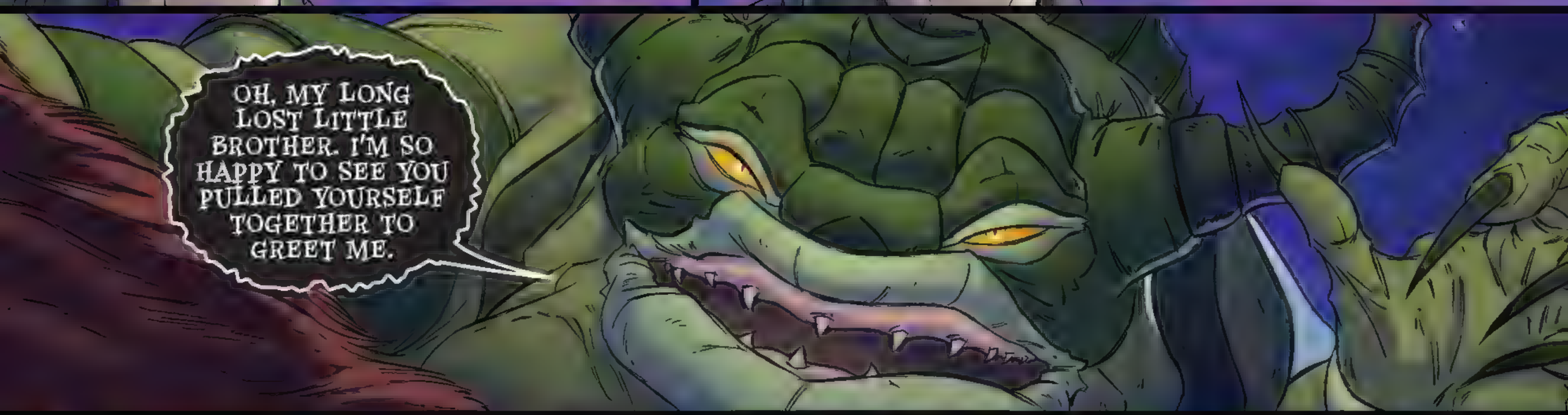
WOW. HAVEN'T SEEN RAY ARGUE WITH *HIMSELF* SINCE COLLEGE.

WE SHOULD PROBABLY TAKE CARE OF THIS NOW.

YES.

HO! HE'S LIGHTING UP!

TWO CLASS SEVEN ENTITIES. *TWO* OF THEM. *IN MY MIND.*



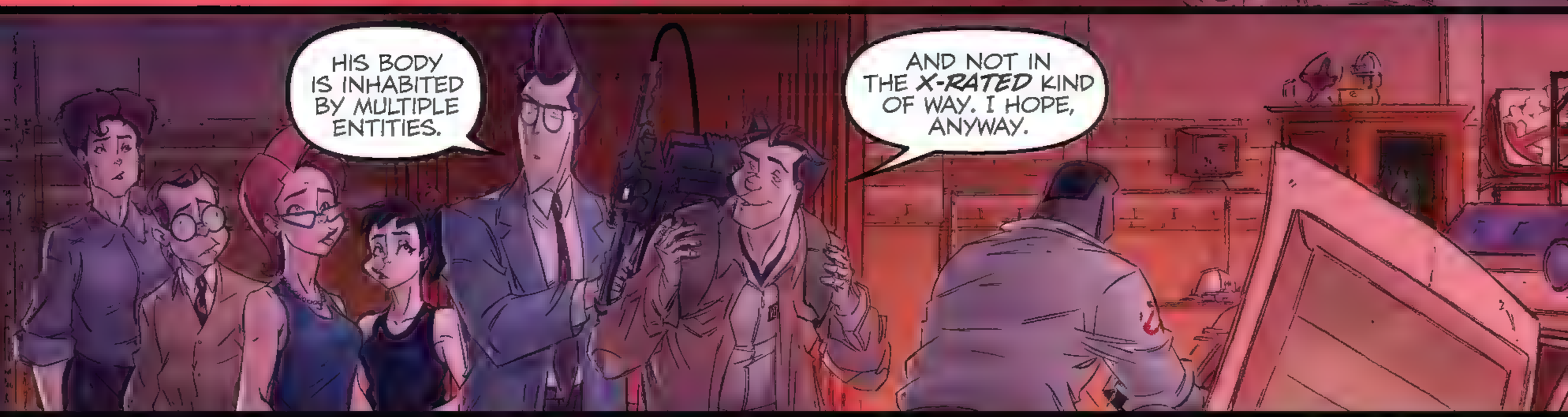
I DID, DIDN'T I? I THOUGHT PLAYING WITH YOUR TOYS MIGHT GET YOUR ATTENTION.
WELL, WHAT ATTENTION THERE WAS LEFT TO GET.
STILL, I NEVER EXPECTED TO FIND YOU COWERING IN THE DEPTHS OF A LESSER BEING.
COWERING?
COWERING?!

I DO NOT COWER!
THESE THINGS AREN'T EVEN GETTING HIS ATTENTION, LET ALONE KNOCKING HIM AROUND.
HE DOES LOOK BAD. DID I LOOK THAT BAD?
THE LAST TIME YOU WERE POSSESSED? YES.
BRING THE STREAMS UP TO MAXIMUM.

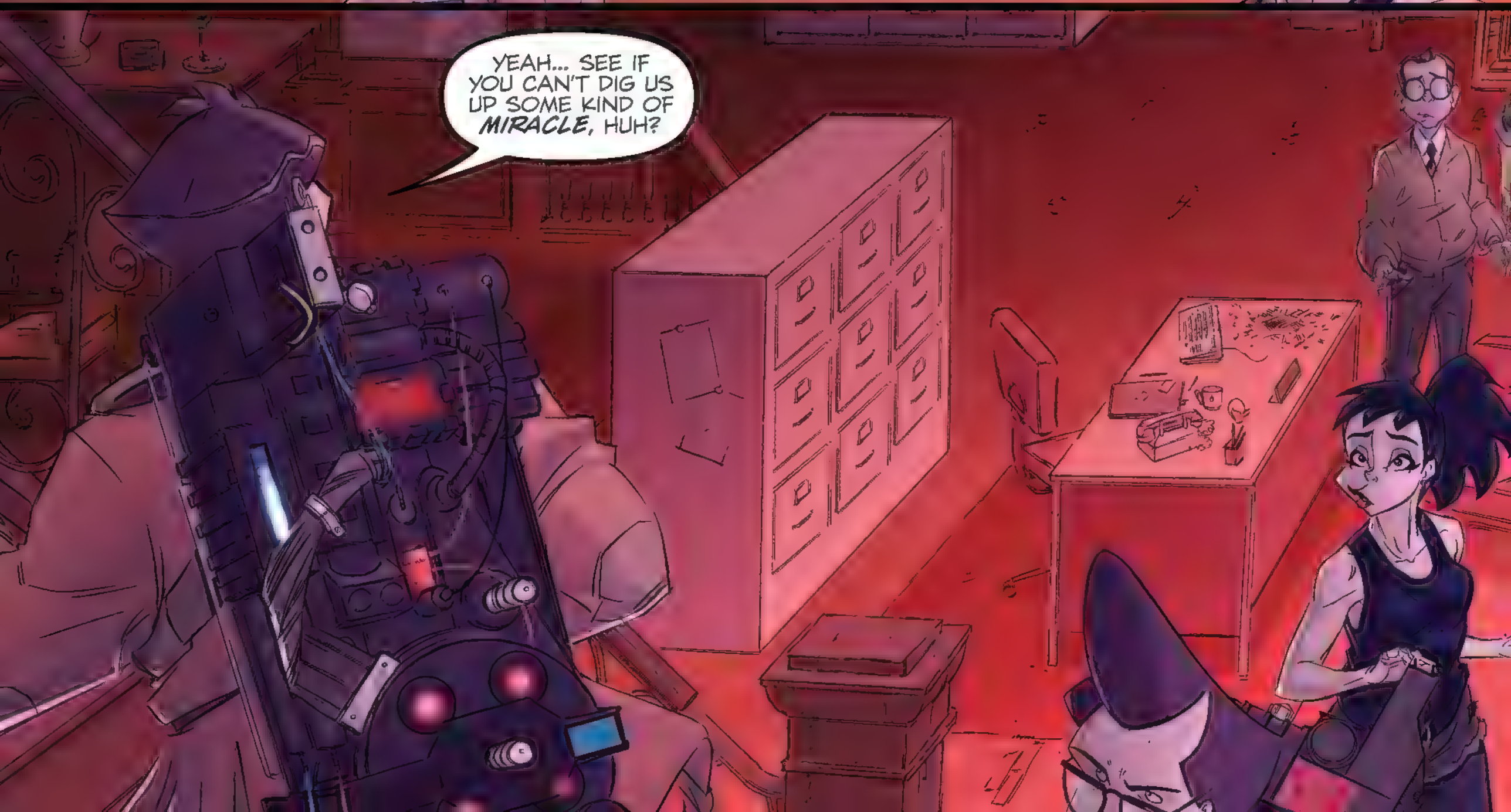
EH? OH.
GENTLEMEN, IF YOU WOULDN'T MIND—

I'M BUSY!
SWAM
WHOULF!
OW. WE GOING TO THE NEXT LEVEL NOW?
YES.

WHAT'S GOING ON?!
KYLIE SAID SOMETHING HAPPENED TO RAY?


HIS BODY IS INHABITED BY MULTIPLE ENTITIES.
AND NOT IN THE X-RATED KIND OF WAY. I HOPE, ANYWAY.

PETER.
IS RAY GOING TO BE ALL RIGHT?
CAN I DO ANYTHING?


YEAH... SEE IF YOU CAN'T DIG US UP SOME KIND OF MIRACLE, HUH?

HE'S RIGHT. YOU'RE OUR "BACKUP RAY." PUT YOUR BRAIN TO WORK AND SEE WHAT YOU CAN THINK OF.
SPEAKIN' OF, DON'T SUPPOSE YOU HAVE ANY OF THAT TIAMAT RESEARCH YOU WERE TALKIN' ABOUT HANDY, DO YOU?
LIKE I TOLD YOU, BEST I COULD FIND WAS INFO ABOUT APPEASEMENT, AND THAT WAS KIND OF A DEAD END AS THERE'S MORE THAN ONE SCHOOL OF THOUGHT AS TO WHAT WOULD APPEASE THE SUMERIAN GODS.
THE NUCLEAR OPTION IS HUMAN SACRIFICE, WHICH SOME SAY NONE OF THE OLD GODS CAN REFUSE. BUT THERE'S NO CONSENSUS, WHICH MEANS THE RESEARCH IS BASICALLY WORTHLESS.
HEY, DON'T BENCH YOURSELF LIKE THAT. YOU'RE AN OUTSIDE-THE-BOX THINKER—LOOK AT THE OTHER ANGLES.
WAIT! DO YOU WANT US TO GET MR. TULLY AND MS. BARRETT OUT OF HERE?
I'D HOLD OFF UNTIL WE CAN BE SURE THEY'RE NOT GOING TO TURN INTO ANYTHING ELSE. WATCH 'EM.
AND STAY SAFE!

WHEN I FIRST CAME BACK TO THIS PLANE OF EXISTENCE, IT WAS MOSTLY CURIOSITY.
THE SAME WORMS THAT ONCE WORSHIPPED US COULD SUDDENLY RIP HOLES IN THE FABRIC OF THE UNIVERSE... AND BEAT YOU SOUNDLY.
I WANTED TO PLAY WITH THEM.
BUT WHEN I GOT HERE, I FELT YOUR LINGERING PRESENCE. PATHETIC. ANEMIC.
I COULD WITHSTAND THE POWER AT THEIR DISPOSAL. WHY COULDN'T THE MIGHTY DESTROYER?
DO NOT MOCK ME!
OR WHAT?

SH
KKAZZ
AAAR
THIS DOESN'T LOOK LIKE IT'S DOING MUCH BETTER.

THE HUMAN BODY CAN ONLY TAKE *SO MUCH*, EVEN UNDER THESE CIRCUMSTANCES.
SHRAZZK
SO WE DON'T BREAK OUT THE BAZOOKA. FINE.
WE CAN STILL UP THE POWER *SOME*, THOUGH, RIGHT?
UP THE POWER. YES.
I NEED MORE POWER.

HO!
I NEED THE ESSENCE THAT WAS STOLEN FROM ME!
CHTOOM

CHOOM
WHAT THE—?
LOOK!
OH, RAY!
I DON'T KNOW WHAT HE'S DOING...
...BUT IF HE GOT PAST THE GUYS, WE HAVE TO STOP HIM!
SLAAS
NO. I WILL REGAIN WHAT WAS TAKEN. THEN I WILL DEAL WITH MY SISTER.
AND THEN I WILL DESTROY.
UNH!
KRAK
CALL JL5-2020

REGAIN WHAT WAS TAKEN? LIKE... THE ESSENCE WE WERE ABLE TO TRAP A COUPLE OF YEARS AGO?
BUT IF HE DOES THAT—
LET HIM!
LET HIM BE RELEASED AND FACE ME IN THE SERVICE OF CHAOS!
STAY PUFT
IT WILL MAKE THE GAME EVEN MORE FUN!
FUN?!
THIS HAS ALL JUST BEEN SOME KIND OF GAME?

OF COURSE.

HAVEN'T YOU BEEN PAYING ATTENTION?

DO YOU EVEN THINK ANY OF YOU WOULD STILL BE ALIVE IF IT WASN'T?

HRRRR...

YOUR REACTIONS ARE UNPREDICTABLE. THIS AMUSES ME.

AND THE FACT THAT YOU WIELD POWER THAT VERY NEARLY ENDED EVERYTHING... THIS IMPRESSES ME. WELL, ALMOST.

SNAAARRGGGH!

IT'S CERTAINLY BETTER THAN A SLOAR, BROTHER DEAR.

WHAT'S GOING ON?! IS EVERYONE OKAY?
NO! KYLIE'S HURT!
I—WHERE'S RAY? AND HOW IS MS. GRIFFIN?
I'VE GOT AN AMBULANCE ON THE WAY, AND RAY WENT DOWNSTAIRS...
NOW GO FIX THIS!
OH, WE'RE GONNA FIX IT, ALL RIGHT.

MEANWHILE...

BZZT

STANTZ, R. INVALID READING. DENIED.

BZZT

NO!

INFERNAL MACHINE!

I'LL HAVE WHAT'S MINE IF I HAVE TO TEAR IT FROM YOU WITH THESE BARE HANDS!

SHRZAKKK

ACTUALLY, THAT SOUNDS PRETTY *HARD* ON THE OL' CUTICLES.

WHAT?!

HEY, LOOK AT THAT—WE *HOOKED* HIM THIS TIME! WHAT CHANGED?

I'M NOT SURE. BUT BE CAREFUL ANYWAY. THIS IS GOING TO BE *DELICATE*.

HEY, I'M THE VERY *SOUL* OF DELICATE.

NO, NO, NO!

YOU SOUND FRUSTRATED, LITTLE BROTHER. BUT WHY?

COULD IT BE BECAUSE YOUR GRAND PLANS DIDN'T WORK OUT?

THE MORTALS HAVE SAFEGUARDS IN PLACE! BUT I DIDN'T SEE ANYTHING WHEN I LOOKED INTO HIS MIND—

SHLOP

HEY, ***THAT'S RIGHT!*** BIOMETRIC SECURITY ***WOULD*** PREVENT ONE OF US FROM ACCESSING THE UNIT IF OUR PHYSICAL FORMS WERE COMPROMISED BY POSSESSION.

NOW WHY DIDN'T I ***REMEMBER*** THAT?

BECAUSE I MADE YOU FORGET. IT GAVE MY BROTHER A TASTE OF HOPE.
TREACHERY!
TREACHEROUS IT MAY HAVE BEEN, BUT NOW I GET TO FEAST ON THE DESPAIR OF A GOD.
NO!
DID YOU JUST... IS HE GONE?
OH, HIS CONSCIOUSNESS WILL WAKE IN ANOTHER DIMENSION.
EVENTUALLY, HE'LL EVEN BE ABLE TO DESTROY AGAIN. BUT FOR THE TIME BEING, ALL HE'LL DO IS MOPE.
YOU'VE HUMILIATED AND BANISHED THE CONSCIOUSNESS OF GOZER.
DOES THIS MEAN YOU'LL BE VACATING BOTH MY PSYCHE AND THE PHYSICAL REALM FOR NOW AND THE FORESEEABLE FUTURE?
NO.
IT MEANS MY BROTHER IS GONE, AND I CAN FOCUS ON PLAYING WITH YOU AGAIN.

SHRIIIIIP
THE HECK?!
HE'S GOT WINGS NOW.

WELL, HE ALWAYS DID LIKE *PAUL* BEST.
PETER.
I'M JUST SAYIN'.
ANYWAY, DO WE HAVE ANOTHER PLAN YET? THE USUAL TRICKS AREN'T WORKING.
AND THEY WON'T.
I HAVE STUDIED YOU. TOYED WITH YOU. MEASURED YOU.
THE ONLY HOPE YOU HAVE OF CLINGING TO LIFE IS THAT YOU DON'T BORE ME.

WHAM
I'LL EVEN GIVE YOU A HAND.
GET IT? THAT WAS MY FIRST JOKE.
STANTZ
WHAM
PETER, IF THE CONTAINMENT UNIT IS PHYSICALLY RUPTURED, IT WON'T JUST RELEASE THE ENTITIES WE'VE CAPTURED AS IT WOULD IN CASE OF SHUTDOWN. IT WILL *OVERLOAD* AND SET OFF A CHAIN REACTION RESULTING IN A MASSIVE EXPLOSION.
AND *THEN* RELEASE ALL OF THE ENTITIES WE'VE CAPTURED.
WELL, *THAT'S* A HELL OF A DESIGN FLAW!
WINSTON, DO YOU— WAIT.
WHERE'S WINSTON?
OVER HERE.

I'M ADDRESSING THE ENTITY CALLED TIAMAT. FORMALLY.
THE KID UPSTAIRS SAYS YOU OLD GODS CAN BE BOUGHT OFF WITH A SACRIFICE. THAT ACCURATE?
WILL THAT MAKE YOU LEAVE?
OH, IT WILL. WHAT AN INTRIGUING OFFER.
WINSTON... BUDDY, WHAT ARE YOU DOING?
DOIN' WHAT I DO, PETE.
TIAMAT...
...GET OFF MY PLANET.
GHHT

PART 8: PARTING WAYS

ART BY TRISTAN JONES
COLORS BY ESTHER SANZ

MAN.

I REALLY DIDN'T EXPECT THINGS TO TURN OUT *THIS* WAY.

MAYBE I DID SOMETHING WRONG AND CREATED A TIME PARADOX... OR *WHATEVER* IT WAS RAY WAS TALKING ABOUT.

STILL... I THOUGHT THERE'D BE *SOME* KIND OF LAST MINUTE HAIL MARY.

WHY?

IS THAT WHAT YOU TOLD YOURSELF, WHEN YOU WERE WHISPERING ON THE STAIRWAY?

PLEASE TELL ME YOUR WATCH HASN'T STOPPED.

PETER. HIS HEART ISN'T BEATING.

DAMMIT, WINSTON...

KLANG KLANG KLANG

UGH...

OW. GEEZ. COULD SOMEBODY PLEASE PRESS THE *SNOOZE* BUTTON?

KLANG KLANG KLANG

NO SLEEPIN' ON THE JOB, RAY! WE NEED YOU FUNCTIONAL, LIKE, *NOW!*

KLANG KLANG KLANG

WAIT—WHAT THE HELL HAPPENED? *WHAT'S GOING ON?!*

THE LAST THING I REMEMBER IS THE CALL ABOUT HART ISLAND...

KLANG KLANG KLANG

YOU GOT YOURSELF POSSESSED BY TWO CLASS SEVENS, GAVE YOUR PROTEGÉ A CONCUSSION AND ALMOST PUNCHED A HOLE INTO THE CONTAINMENT UNIT.
ALSO, WINSTON MIGHT HAVE KILLED HIMSELF TO KEEP ANYTHING WORSE FROM HAPPENING.
KLANG KLANG KLANG
EGON—I'M GONNA GO RAID YOUR LITTLE BAG OF TRICKS.
KLANG KLANG KLANG
AND, HEY, RAY, DO SOMETHING ABOUT THE GRID, WILLYA?
IT'S SMOKING!
KLANG KLANG KLANG
HUH? OH!
OHMANOHMANOHMAN—EGON! IS MY MONKEY WRENCH STILL DOWN HERE?
BOTTOM DRAWER!
KLANG KLANG KLANG
FOUND IT!

YOU DON'T MESS WITH ME, NOW—WE HAD A DEAL! YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO BE GONE. UNLESS...
...UNLESS I'M NOT DEAD.
OF COURSE YOU'RE DEAD.
"YOUR HEART ISN'T BEATING. YOU'RE NOT BREATHING."
BUT I'M A GOD. TALKING TO A DEAD MAN ISN'T DIFFICULT.
I MUST SAY—I AM SURPRISED YOU DECIDED TO OFFER A SACRIFICE, EVEN IF YOUR OFFER WAS CRUDE AND WITHOUT PROPER CEREMONY.
BUT MAYBE THAT'S TO BE EXPECTED. YOU ALL BELIEVE YOURSELVES TOO ENLIGHTENED FOR SUCH TRADITIONS, NO?
ZEDDEMORE
SO WE SURPRISED YOU. GREAT. WE'RE DONE. GET GONE AND I'LL DO THE SAME.
OH, WE'RE NOT DONE YET.
ZEDDEMORE

IT WAS A NICE TRY. BUT IF YOU DIE AND GO ON TO YOUR HEAVEN, IT REALLY ISN'T MUCH OF A SACRIFICE ON YOUR PART, IS IT? YOU'RE A WARRIOR.
YOU'RE PLEASED TO DIE TO MAKE SURE THE BIG BAD GODDESS DOESN'T GET BORED AND DO SOMETHING HORRIBLE. AND BELIEVE ME, EVENTUALLY, I WOULD HAVE.
BUT THAT'S NOT A REAL SACRIFICE.
HERE WE GO—SOME ATROPINE WITH JUST A HINT OF ADRENALINE.
THERE'S MORE THAN THAT IN THERE.
OH, WINSTON, YOU LUCKY GUINEA PIG. GET READY...
GIVING UP MY FRIENDS, MY FAMILY, MY WIFE? THAT'S A SACRIFICE ALL RIGHT.
BUT IT'S NOT YOURS. IF YOU WANT TO BANISH ME, YOU MUST LIVE TO FACE THE CONSEQUENCES.
I INSIST YOU CHOOSE ANOTHER SACRIFICE.
NO!
CLINGING TO HEROISM, EH?
SUNK
WELL, IF YOU WON'T CHOOSE, I SUPPOSE I'LL HAVE TO.
WHAT? YOU CAN'T—

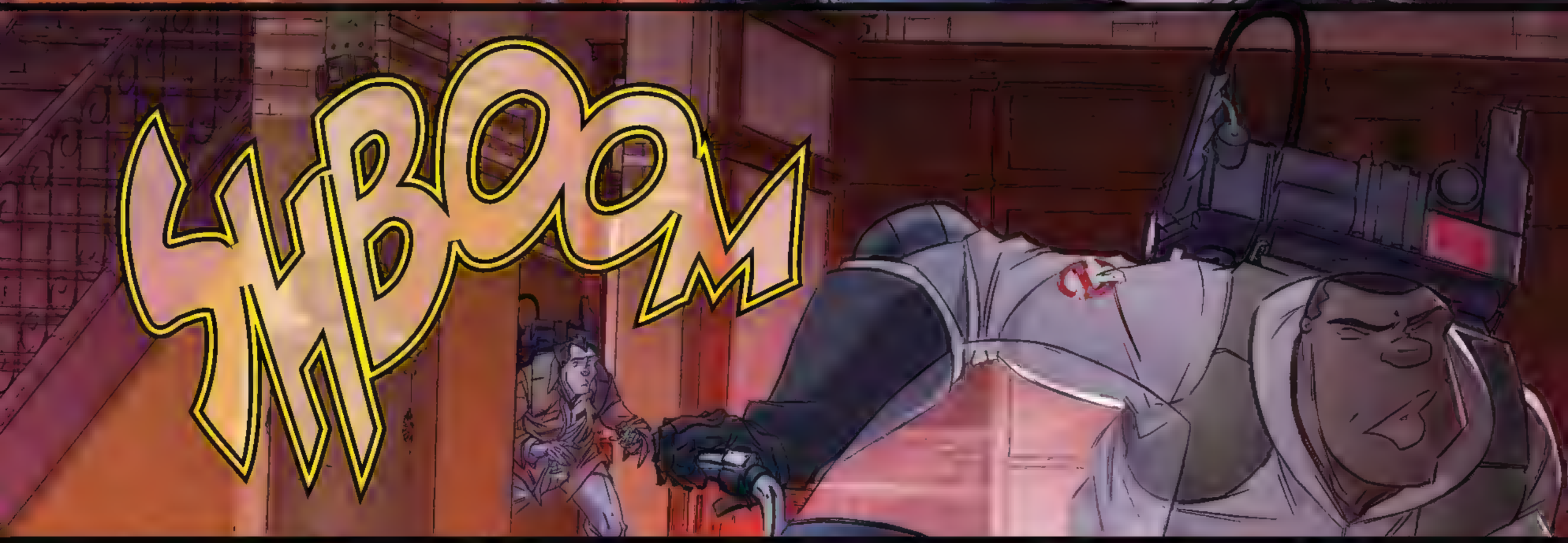
GAH-HAH!
HO!

GAHGEHTIYAH...
HE SHOULD BE AS WEAK AS A KITTEN.
THE HELL WAS *IN* THAT SYRINGE?

WINSTON! C'MON BACK, BUDDY, WE NEED TO GET YOU CHECKED OUT!
EGON, WAIT! I NEED YOU *HERE!*

MY GOD, THE *PRESSURE...*
I *KNOW!* WE'RE GOING TO HAVE TO MANUALLY VENT OR RISK THE WHOLE THING BLOWING!
I *TOLD* YOU WE SHOULD START LOOKING INTO *OFF-SITE CONTAINMENT!*

WHOA, HEY, BUDDY—YOU WERE JUST DEAD, MY FRIEND, AND I AM NOT GOING TO LET YOU JUST DRIVE OFF UNTIL WE CAN MAKE SURE THERE'S NO—


KBOOM

AT LEAST STAY AND SEE WHAT EXPLODED. BECAUSE EXPLOSIONS ARE BAD, RIGHT?
WINSTON? RIGHT?

VRRRMMMMM

DAMMIT!

OKAY, SO WINSTON GOT AWAY AND JANINE TOOK THE CAR TO—
OKAY, LET'S TABLE THE CAR THING FOR NOW.

HONK HONK
HEY, JERKWAD, WATCH IT!
C'MON C'MON C'MON...
WHAT'S YOUR HURRY?
VRRRRRRRR
AFRAID YOU MIGHT HAVE GUESSED MY CHOICE?
MY, MY... WHAT HUBRIS—
VRROOOOM
—TO THINK THE MIND OF A MAN CAN GUESS THE INTENTIONS OF A GOD.

MEANWHILE...

RAY, WHAT DID YOU *DO*?!

NAUGHTY!

IT'S NOT *MY* FAULT, VENKMAN—I *HAD* TO RELIEVE PRESSURE ON THE UNIT!

SPENGLER, BE CAREFUL OF YOUR *AIM*!

RAY, THAT EXCUSE *NEVER* WORKS.

WHAT'S *YOUR* TAKE, EGON?

NAUGHTY!

THE GHOST IS TRYING TO MANIFEST A FAMILIAR SET OF SURROUNDINGS, BUT WE'RE *MILES* FROM THE SOURCE OF THE ORIGINAL HAUNTING. IT'S HAVING DIFFICULTY.

SO THE WHAMMY'S NOT QUITE TAKING. GOT IT.

IS SHE THE *ONLY* THING THAT GOT OUT?

EEEEEEEEE!

AS FAR AS WE KNOW.

NAUGH—GHHHK...

HRRRK...

GHHHKKK

UH... WHAT'S GOING ON?

WHAT'S SHE DOING?

AWAHWAHWAAAAAAAAH!

HHHHRRRRRK

IT APPEARS THERE WAS A *HITCHHIKER* WHEN RAY VENTED THE UNIT.

GROSS.

ACROSS TOWN...

BEATTY MIRROR AND GLASS

EXIT

THIS IS YOUR LAST CHANCE, WARRIOR...

WHAM

...CHOOSE A SACRIFICE YOU HAVE TO LIVE WITH, OR I'LL DO IT FOR YOU.

LIKE HELL!

SHRZAAAAKK

WELL, LOOKS LIKE YOU MADE UP MY MIND.

KNOCK KNOCK

HEY, BABE—IT'S ME!

WINSTON? WHY CAN'T YOU REMEMBER YOUR KEY—
HUKK!
NO!
OH. THAT IS ANGUISH FOR YOU, ISN'T IT? THE THOUGHT OF LOSING HER WOULD BE... WAIT.
YOU'VE GIVEN ME ANOTHER IDEA.
HUUUURK!
IT'S DONE.
NOW YOU'VE SACRIFICED SOMETHING WORTH ACCEPTING.
GOODBYE, WINSTON ZEDDEMORE. FOR NOW.

YOU'RE ALIVE!
KAFF KAFF
I—WHAT WAS THAT THING?

IT WAS A GOD WHO WANTED TO SCREW WITH ME, I GUESS.
WELL, NEXT TIME LEAVE US LITTLE PEOPLE OUT OF IT, HUH?
I'M SO HAPPY YOU'RE OKAY...
MMMPH?

UM... I'M GRATEFUL FOR YOU CHASING THAT THING AWAY, BUT NOT THAT GRATEFUL.
ARE YOU KIDDING?
YOU'RE NOT KIDDING.
TIYAH, DON'T YOU KNOW WHO I AM?

A... GHOSTBUSTER?

BACK AT THE FIREHOUSE...

WAAAAAH!

NNNAUGGHTYY!

THIS IS *NOT* WHERE I IMAGINED THIS DAY WAS GOING TO GO.

YEAH. I FEEL KINDA DIRTY JUST STANDING HERE.

GENTLEMEN. THE ENTITIES ARE DISTRACTED.

I'D SAY IT'S A GOOD IDEA TO TAKE *ADVANTAGE* OF THAT.

NFF!

SWAK

GAH!

FLANK HER—OR THEM, OR, Y'KNOW... RUN *THAT WAY*, RAY!

WAY *AHEAD* OF YOU!

SHRRRZZAAAK

EGON, GET A *TRAP* READY!

SHRZZZAAAKKK

EGON?

NAUGHTY!

YOU SHUT UP. AND WHY DID *NO ONE* BRING A TRAP?

HEY, I WAS POSSESSED—WHAT'S *YOUR* EXCUSE?

PETER! RAY!

UH—*SQUINT!*

FLIP

CLICK

NAAAAAAAUGHTTYYYYYYY!

WAAAAHWAHWAHWAAHH!

WOOORPPP

WELL, HEY, ***ALL RIGHT!***

EGON, WAY TO MAKE A DRAMATIC ENTRANCE. WHERE THE HELL ***WERE*** YOU?

ZZT

IT OCCURRED TO ME NONE OF US HAD A ***TRAP*** HANDY, SO I WENT LOOKING.

THE MANIFESTATION MADE IT A BIT MORE ***DIFFICULT*** TO FIND ONE.

AND SPEAKING OF FINDING—IF WE'RE ***SURE*** THIS PLACE ISN'T GOING TO BLOW UP...

"...WE GOT A WINSTON TO FIND."
LOOK, THERE HE IS! YO, WINSTON!
GOING MY WAY, SAILOR?
MAN... HOW'D YOU GUYS FIND ME?
TRACKING DEVICE, REMEMBER? TURNABOUT IS FAIR PLAY. WANNA TELL UNCLE PETE WHY YOU RAN OFF NOW?
AND BEFORE I FORGET, EGON WOULD LIKE TO EXAMINE YOU TO MAKE SURE YOU WON'T TURN INTO SOME KIND OF ANGRY GREEN GIANT.
NOT IN THE MOOD FOR JOKES, PETER.
TIAMAT SAID SHE WASN'T GOING TO ACCEPT A SACRIFICE I WASN'T THERE TO HURT OVER, SO SHE TOOK MY WIFE. MADE TIYAH FORGET SHE'D EVER EVEN KNOWN ME.
YOU WERE MARRIED? SINCE WHEN? WE'D HAVE OFFERED BETTER LIFE INSURANCE IF WE'D KNOWN.
ARE YOU KIDDING ME RIGHT NOW?
YOU DON'T REMEMBER, EITHER?

SO, TIAMAT'S PRICE FOR DEPARTURE WAS EITHER CONVINCING YOU THAT YOU *HAD* A WIFE, OR THE REST OF THE WORLD THAT YOU *DIDN'T* AND LEAVING YOU TO STEW WITH THE LOSS?
I'VE HEARD OF THAT KIND OF *FORCED DELUSION* HAPPENING. PORTLAND, I THINK.
AND THAT PHOTOGRAPHER, WHATSISNAME? FROM QUEENS.

IT HAPPENED TO *ME*, TOO.
I DON'T TALK ABOUT IT.

POINT IS, BIG FELLA, *WHATEVER* HAPPENED, AT LEAST NO ONE GOT *KILLED*.
IT SHOULDN'T BE THIS HARD.
SACRIFICES ALWAYS ARE, BUDDY. WE CAN'T *ALWAYS* BE LUCKY ENOUGH TO SAVE THE WORLD WITH FIVE SECONDS OF FOCUSED ZAPPING.
BUT, HEY, BRIGHT SIDE—IT CAN'T GET ANY *WORSE*, AM I RIGHT?

KRAKATOO

DON'T GIVE ME THAT LOOK—
—AT LEAST IT'S NOT *BLOOD*.

THREE MONTHS LATER.
GEEZ, WHAT FUN.
I COULD USE A HOT SHOWER MADE OF COFFEE.
WHAT'S WITH THE THOUSAND-YARD STARE, SOLDIER?
MARINE. AND NOTHING.
NOTHING? DON'T TELL ME NOTHING.
YOU'RE STARING AT— HEY, IS THAT HER?
"THE LADY WHO NOBODY REMEMBERS?
"LOOK AT YOUR FACE, WINSTON. IT MUST BE. HUH."
GENTS, WHAT SAY WE LET THIS THING WE TRAPPED LOOSE...
...AND SET UP A LITTLE MEET BETWEEN WINSTON AND THE CUTE BOOKWORM?
PETER, WE SPENT THREE HOURS CAPTURING IT.
YEAH, BUT I'M A ROMANTIC. AND BESIDES...
...WE'LL GET PAID TWICE.
EICK

THE END... *FOR NOW.*
MANY, MANY *THANKS* TO ALL OUR LOYAL AND SUPPORTIVE FANS!

With a little sadness, and a little hope,
so ends Volume Two of...

GHOSTBUSTERS™

But where did the Rookie and Ron go? What about Kylie? Mel Ortiz? We didn't have the room to cut away from the main story, so we're taking a cue from some of our favorite movies and letting you know at the end in a little ditty we call...

WHAT HAPPENED NEXT!

The Rookie and **Ron Alexander** were called back to Chicago when the ghosts of slaughtered cows from the stockyards of decades past began to run through the Magnificent Mile, goring the tourists.

Needing the help, the Chicago Ghostbusters hired **Dani Shpak** and **Lou Kamaka**–now with official ghostbusting experience on Hart Island–to swell the ranks.

Between the four of them, they were able to trace and neutralize the source of the haunting before anyone was seriously hurt…

The Chicago River burned for three days afterward.

After the Tiamat situation, the FBI expanded the duties of **Special Agent Melanie Ortiz**.

She is still the liaison between the FBI and the Ghostbusters, but she is also tasked with the investigation of potentially dangerous supernatural situations in all US territories on an as-needed basis, to determine whether direct intervention (via the Ghostbusters or otherwise) is required.

She's currently investigating a demonic child who allegedly destroyed a firehouse in Riverside, California.

Dana Barrett returned to her life, after having Ray Stantz make double-sure her apartment was clear of any trace of psychokinetic energy.

Oscar returned home from visiting his father, none the wiser. He found a birthday card from Peter Venkman waiting for him–along with a new Jets jersey.

Louis Tully, free from Tiamat's prodding, returned to Ocala, Florida.

He considered filing paperwork to expand a branch of the Ghostbusters to Florida before realizing he was much happier dealing with numbers. Unlike the supernatural, they never turned him into a mindless beast.

Tiyah Clarke was (mostly) none the worse for wear after Tiamat stole a piece of her soul and erased a chunk of her life experience from the world. She continues to teach.

And after Winston saved her from a nasty little Class 5, she invited him out for coffee.

Who knows where it may lead…?

Even though he had nothing to do with it, **Walter Peck** was praised by City Hall for having so many Ghostbusters on hand for the uptick in activity surrounding Tiamat's appearance.

Currently considering a run for higher office, he has hired former Ghost Smasher **Jenny Moran** to more closely liaise between the Paranormal Contracts Oversight Commission and Ghostbusters, Inc.

Janine Melnitz was asked by her boyfriend, Roger Baugh, to move with him to San Francisco, where he had just accepted a teaching position.

But Janine has too much New York in her blood to ever leave.

She was recently signed to write a memoir about her experiences working with and around the Ghostbusters. It should be out by next Christmas.

Outside of some stitches, a headache, and an overnight hospital stay for observation, **Kylie Griffin** survived her encounter with the Gozer-possessed Ray Stantz none the worse for wear.

She continues to manage Ray's Occult Books and research for the Ghostbusters.

Ray Stantz. Peter Venkman. Egon Spengler. Winston Zeddemore.

They continued to research the paranormal and (for a fee) defend humanity from supernatural threats, both foreign and domestic.

They were awarded the Key to the City by the Mayor of New York, and a parade was held in their honor.

It was interrupted near Houston Street by the sudden manifestation of the first murdered resident of New Amsterdam.

But that's a story for another day…

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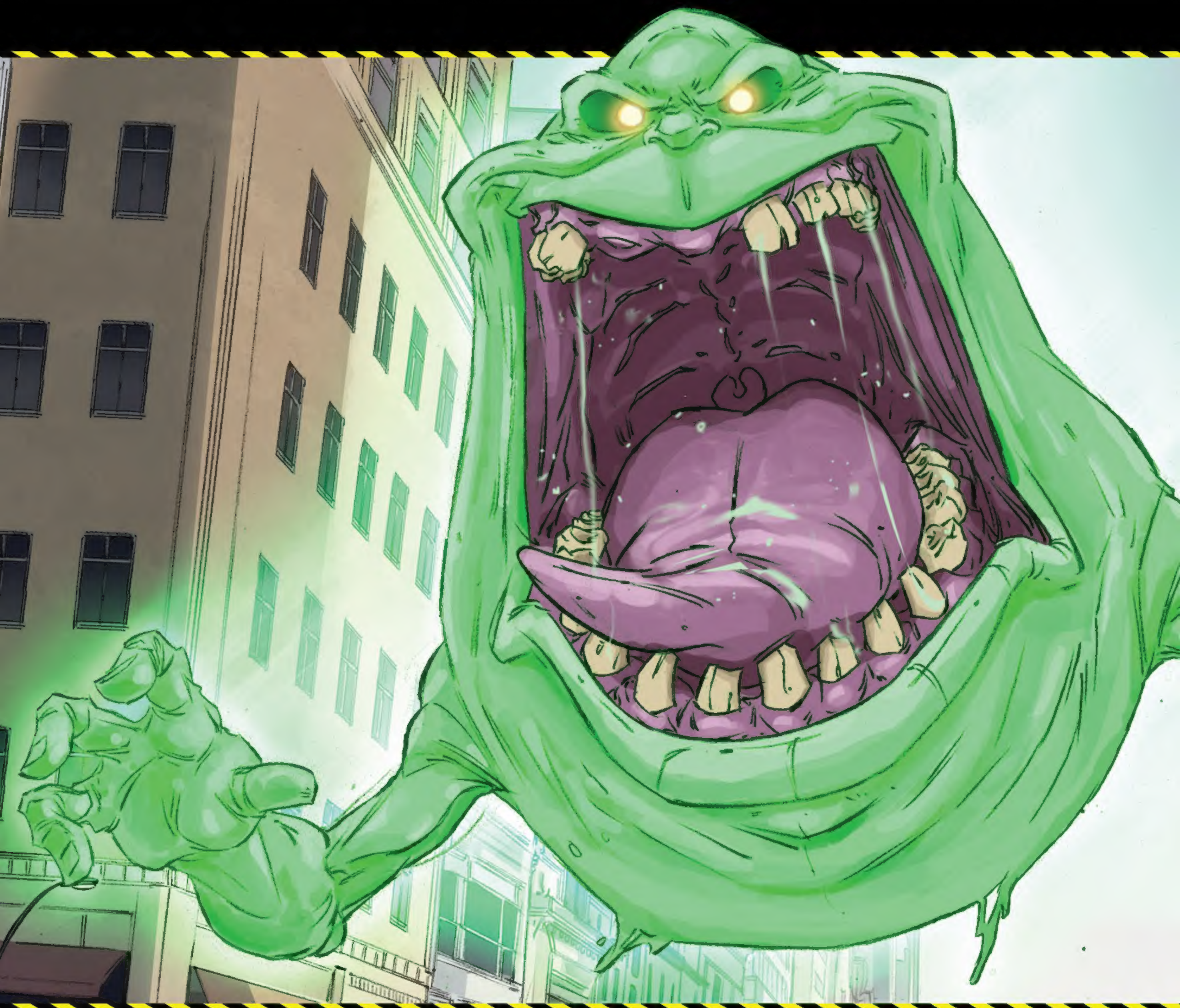

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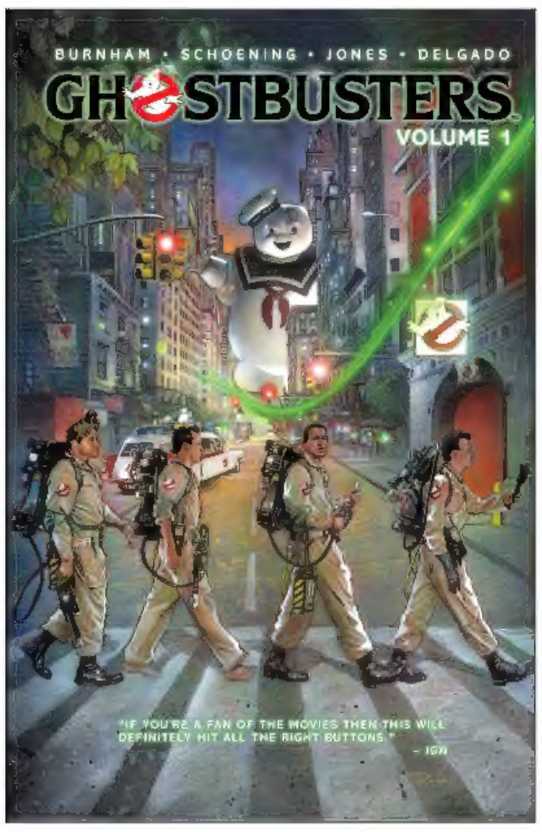

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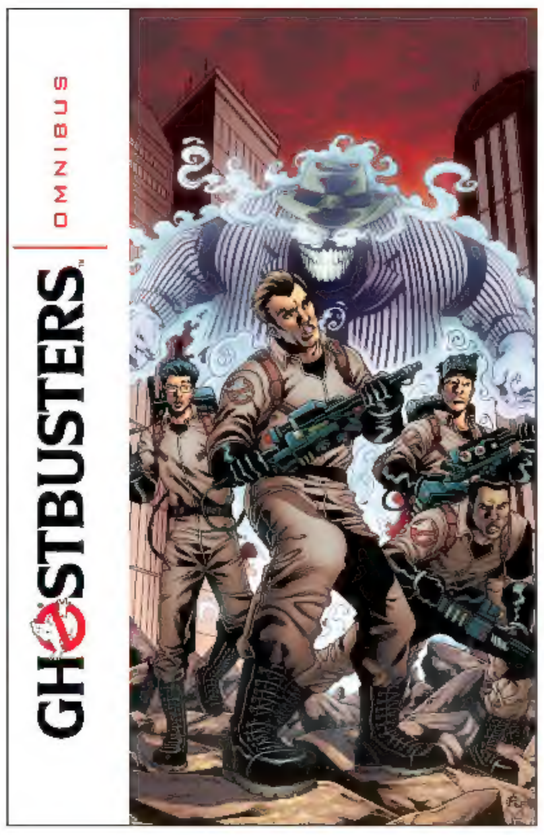

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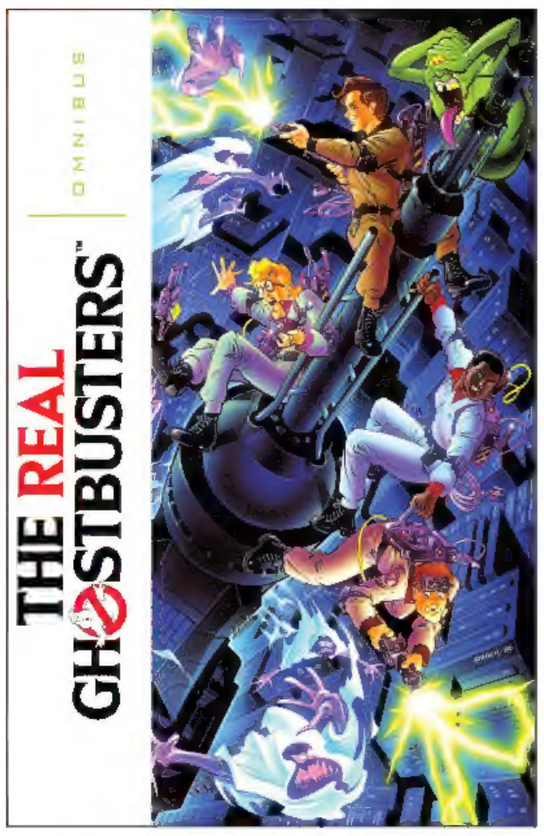

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